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THE LIBERTY BELL



THE LIBERTY BELL



MYRA PEARCE



EDITH CAKEBREAD



ELAINE WALLACE

THE LIBERTY BELL



RICHARD WALLACE



JUDSON SWIFT

THE LIBERTY BELL



The Faculty

* *

W. A. Vivian, Principal
History, Geometry and Trigonometry

Miss Helen Chase
English, Latin, Penmanship and Spelling

Miss Margaret Lorimer
Sewing, Drawing and Commercial Branches

Mr. F. F. Otto
German, Chemistry and Physics

Mr. D. H. Reamy
Mechanical Drawing and Woodwork

Mr. C. L. Clark--Substitute
Mechanical Drawing and Woodwork

Liberty Bell

Class Motto

Only a Beginning

Class Colors

Purple and Gold

Class Flower

Red Carnation

Class President

Elaine Wallace

History of Class of 1913

By ELAINE WALLACE, '13.

At last the "grand end" has come. Who could ever imagine us as anything else but dignified Seniors? Never mind, Freshies dear, there is still a chance for you. We were once Freshmen and fully aware of the fact, acted accordingly. We were thirteen in number and thirteen in class though this did not bother us a bit, for in spite of the luckless "bakers' dozen" we entered upon our four years of study with interest and pleasure.

From the Marsh Creek country came five good students, Anna Winnie, Alma and Edith Cakebread and Emilie Grueninger. As luck would have it all of them could not stay with us. Anna, Winnie and Alma left us at Christmas time. Now just the youngest sister is at home. Anna was married in November, 1910, to Mr. Ray Jones and is now residing in Stockton. Winnie married Mr. Chas. Meyers and resides in Antioch. We have our studious Edith with us yet.

Knightsen gave us one care free girl, Myra Pearce, a goodly student who has

worked hard for the great day of May 23, 1913.

Seven more students were added to our class from Brentwood, Esther Murphy, Ruth Pemberton, Harold Collis, Van Princee, Frank Helm, and Richard and Elaine Wallace.

Frank Helm and Van Princee graduated from the two year Commercial Class of 1911. Frank has a good position in Oakland and Van is working in San Francisco.

The class of 1914 has two of our numbers, Harold Collis and Esther Murphy. Harold Collis decided to change his course and Esther was compelled to stay out for a year on account of poor health.

The rest are working on with the help of Judson Swift who joined us in our Senior year.

And now that it is the day of our departure we pause, and wish that we could return for another year. But we hurry and ask that we may only be remembered by the school we love and we hope we will in the future prove what the school has done for us, and make it proud of us.

The Dream Realized

The voice which sounded in mine ear,
Tho' unrecognized, was sweet;
It seemed to drive away all fear
As I turned, the speaker's face to meet.

It was a tall and graceful maid,
Whose voice to me had said,
"The unfinished part will soon be laid,
And our school will surely be the head."

I seemed to know, and yet knew not
The meaning of her words;
I was in some familiar shop,
But could not make out what I heard.

She pointed out a structure grand,
Before my very eyes;
And then I seemed to understand,
For it, to me, was no surprise.

It seemed to me, this building new
To both of us was known;
And very well this maid I knew,
In school together we had grown.

It seemed to be that self-same school;
Though it was built anew,
And hands that there did wield the tool,
In school had learned the task to do.

The name of the school was Liberty,
We taught there, it did seem,
And tried to raise her in her glory—
I woke, and found 'twas but a dream.

When years had passed a letter came
From that school-mate, Susie D.,
Who had come to teach—well I knew the
name,
At the new school, Liberty.

And to that school I straightway went,
But I was quite surprised
To find it just as I had dremp't;
And thus my dream was realized.

By MARY PARENTI, '14

School Prophecy

Cairo, May 14, 1917.

Dear Ruth:

I suppose you have heard about my father's old aunt coming out to California from Tennessee to see us, and how the old lady took a fancy to me? (Well) she is as rich as Croesus, so I thought it would pay to be nice to her, and the result is—Well here I am in Egypt. She is a dear old soul, but she has two peculiarities. The first one I suppose she can't help because it's her name—Mehitable Eliza Susanna Jane! Isn't that a mouthfull? The second is that she goes to sleep every day after lunch and sleeps until dinner time, about half past seven. I might also add that she has a pet aversion toward slang, so I don't dare to use it in her presence or when I'm writing her pokey old letters for her to her pokey old friends, but believe me, I make up for it in my own letters. Well, I mustn't devote too much time to Aunt M. E. S. Jane's peculiarities but if it were not for the second one, this letter wouldn't have been written at all.

Day before yesterday Aunt went to sleep as usual, and I began to cast about for something to amuse myself with. There is a beautiful garden around the place where we're staying, and as I was wandering around it I came upon a young man lying stretched out at full length on the grass. He arose as I approached and I saw it was a Mr. Dalrymple who is staying at the place and with whom I had a

bowing acquaintance. He crossed the lawn and began to walk down the path with me. I told him of my quest for an amusement and he asked me if I had ever heard of Cleopatra's pool. I told him I hadn't, so he said we would certainly go see it. He said that whoever looked into it could see what would happen in the future after he had performed certain rites. I laughed at the story but nevertheless I wanted to see Cleopatra's pool.

After walking for some time we came to the edge of the garden and there lay a beautiful pond of the clearest sapphire blue. "Cleopatra's pool," said he. "Do you wish to try your luck?" I laughed and told him that I would like to see my old schoolmates as they would be in after years. He muttered a few words, made a whole lot of funny motions then seized my hand and we knelt beside the pool. After peering intently into the blue depths for a while, would you believe it—the water actually began to take on a grayish tint and I could see faint outlines of trees waving wildly to and fro. I knew it could not be the reflection of those above us because there was not a breath of wind to stir them. Then I could distinguish two human figures a girl in white and a tall man in the uniform of a general. He bent his head and kissed her, then turned away and as he turned I could see his face, and I knew at once who it was. It was Harold Collis! He looked

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once more at the girl, who was weeping with her hands over her face, then turned and walked away. The picture faded and the water resumed its leaden hue. Suddenly a glare of brilliant light blinded me for a moment, and when I recovered I could see a woman on a beautiful stage. She was singing. I know I didn't hear her, but I seemed to know she was singing. The light fell on her face and I could see that it was Myra Pearce. This picture faded as did the others and I awaited the next eagerly. I had not waited long. The chief figure was Polly Barkley in a policewoman's uniform. Walking beside her with his collar clutched in her hand was a desperate looking character. Although he struggled to escape Polly handled him with as much ease as if he had been a child.

The next picture was very exciting. Crowds of men and boys were shouting joyfully, girls were waving pennants and several men were walking about, a man borne high on their shoulders holding a football. The man was Fred Macgurn. The scene changed. It was the interior of a child's bedroom. There was a tall woman in the room whom I saw to be Edith Cakebread and two little girls, one of whom was screaming loudly and the other was holding two sticks of candy, dancing merrily around the room. The picture faded and another one instantly took it's place. It was a tiny room whose sole occupant was a woman, busily writing. She pushed her hair off her forehead with an impatient gesture and half turned around. By the dim light I could see that it was Elvira Lucas and that she was writing poetry.

The next was a tropical scene. Tall cocoanut and palm trees stood all around. In the center of the picture was a huge

iron pot and two trembling white men stood by it surrounded by a band of half naked savages. The lid of the kettle was raised and the terrified captives were about to be thrown in when from behind a tree rushed a girl, black like the rest but evidently more kind hearted, for she threw her arms around one of the men whom I saw was Henry Barkley, and would not let them kill either him or his companion Eddie Hevey. As the picture faded all three were seen running rapidly from the place.

The next was a young man, with his curly brown hair in disorder, and a daub of brown paint on one cheek, standing before an easel busily painting. A little yellow haired lady sat beside him gaping at the easel with admitting eyes and I knew she was his wife. The man was Richard Wallace. On the other side of the room was another artist, but no pretty woman sat beside him. He was extremely tall and thin and I knew it was Roy Frerichs, familiarly known in high school as "Slats."

As the scene changed I could distinguish a tall graceful man. As it became clearer I could see that he was evidently a dancing master, and I had to look twice to assure myself that it was Ernest Crockett, but it was indeed he. This picture rapidly changed to what seemed to me all blue sky with a tiny black speck at one side. The speck gradually became larger and began to take on shape and I could see that it was an aeroplane with two occupants, a man and a woman. I did not recognize the woman but could see that the man was Everett Lemoine. His name was printed on the machine in large letters and something else was written there, but the picture passed so quickly that I could not read it.

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Next was the interior of a court room. A woman lawyer was talking and Ruthie you'll never guess who this modern Portia was—it was Mary Parenti! It rapidly faded and another took its place. This was a beautiful country home surrounded by a garden. Across the lawn were walking a man and a woman with a little boy running ahead of them. The woman was Emma Shellenburger and the other two were evidently her husband and son. Following this cheerful picture was a scene in the interior of a hospital. On her knees beside a low, white bed was a sister of charity. As she rose I saw her face and was petrified with astonishment to see that it was Elaine Wallace! As I was wondering what had induced her to become a nurse the picture suffered the fate of its fellows and another was there. It was an operating room. Two doctors enveloped in long white aprons stood gazing intently upon a figure on the table. Suddenly the figure stirred, and the doctors turned toward each other with joy on their faces. As they did so I could see that they were Alvin Howard and Vernon Cakebread.

The next seemed to be a meeting of some sort. As it became clearer I seemed to know that it was a faculty meeting. Among those present I recognized Henry Plumley, Walter Swift, Neva Sheddick and Elizabeth Jongeneel. As each one handed in their report, although I could not read it I seemed to know what was written. I gathered that Henry Plumley was Professor of Natural History, Walter Swift of Dead Languages, Neva Sheddick of English and Elizabeth of Ancient History. Cleopatra's pool seemed to be as fickle as that lady herself, for not even for their dignitaries did it give much time and they were soon gone. After them was an array of fearful and wonderful

hats, so I knew it to be a millinery store. A tall woman rose as two other women entered the shop and I saw that the first was Adrianna Jongeneel who evidently owned the shop. This was followed by a small, but tastefully furnished room in which were two young women, one of whom was writing, with piles of manuscript on the table in front of her, and the other was making a pen and ink sketch. The first one was Esther Wristen and the second was Aileen Porter.

Then I saw a laboratory in which were two men. One was standing in a corner mixing something while the other stood before a window holding a bottle on which was a label with the words "Freckle Lotion, made exclusively by Healy and Porter." Then I recognized the men—Andrew Porter and James Healy. This picture gave place to another which was a great meeting. I saw that it was the House of Representatives at Washington, in session, and the speaker was a tall, angular woman, no less a person than Blanche Juett.

Next was a glare of brilliantly white snow. Everywhere was snow, and toiling wearily along was a dog team, and two men clad in furs. Their faces were almost entirely covered, but I could see that the men were Byron Fotheringham and Henry Winfree. Then as the picture changed I could see the interior of a beauty parlor. Several exceedingly plain women were going through the painful process of becoming young and beautiful. My gaze lingered on their sufferings a while then shifted to the door where a huge placard bore the words: "Beauty Parlors, Viola Parlin and Susie Dickinson."

The next was a street, or rather a canal, in Venice. Several long, black gond-

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dolas were moving lazily along, and the gondolier of one had a familiar look. As he turned to speak to his passengers, I saw it was Raymond Prewett.

Then there was the interior of a queer looking schoolroom, filled with little black children. The teacher was tall, fair and painfully skinny, and Ruth, I know you will be pleased—it was you! The next was also a schoolroom, but was evidently in a high school. From various maps scattered around, and from the pained expression on the faces of the pupils I gathered that it was a history class, and the teacher was Mae Pemberton. Leaving poor Mae to her fate the scene changed and I saw a surveying party composed of girls. Most of them were strangers but I recognized two, Bessie Sanders and Esther Murphy.

Next was a little girl taking a music lesson. She was rather stupid, and her teacher, a man, was almost in despair. As he turned his agonized countenance toward me, I was astonished to see that it was Judson Swift.

As the scene changed I saw the interior of a church. A wedding procession was going slowly up the aisle. As the bride and groom reached the altar they turned and I could see their faces. I jerked my hand swiftly away from Mr. Dalrymple, for the face of the woman was my own face, and the man was Mr. Dalrymple! When I jerked my hand away I lost my balance and with a shriek I fell into the pool. In an instant I was out again, and we were soon running for the house. Aunt met me at the door and the poor old lady nearly had a convulsion when she saw me. She rushed me up to our rooms and put me to bed, then when she knew I was helpless she made me swallow some awful mess that she had prepared.

This is two days later and I've fully recovered from my ducking. I haven't seen Mr. Dalrymple since. Moreover, I don't want to. Well, I hear Aunt calling me now so I'll say farewell.

Sincerely Yours,

FRANCES BROWN.

My Graduating Class

By MYRA PEARCE, '13.

I was sitting by my fireside
Thinking of the past,
When there upon the coals did glide
 My graduating class.
I saw them all as plain as day
 Upon those fiery coals;
I saw Elaine so fair and gay,
 Now the vision grows.
There was Edith, face as bright
 As in the days of yore.
Ah! My eyes beheld this sight.
 It made my poor heart sore.
In memory came back the years,
 The years of long ago.

The coals did glow, the flames did burst
 And Richard did appear,
Who in the country-side stood first
 For peace and justice dear.
Next Judson stood before me there
 In happiness and wealth.
He got his riches just and fair,
 He did not stoop to stealth.
As for myself I've naught to say
 That is of consequence.
But, oh! I wish that they could stay
 My grief to recompense
When memory brings back the years,
 The years of long ago.



The Liberty Bell

Brentwood, Cal.

May 1913

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-chief, Myra Pearce	Associate Editor, Richard Wallace	Business Manager, Elaine Wallace
Associate Manager, Edith Cakebread	Athletic Editor, Fred Macguru	
Society Editor, Edith Cakebread	Exchange Editor, Richard Wallace	Josh Editor, Judson Swift
Caterer, Roy Frerichs	Alumni Editor, Jessie Johnson	

We now present to the people of this community our annual "LIBERTY BELL." It is the first time in the history of the school that the Student Body itself has decided the name of the annual. The students say they are going to keep the name always. We think it is quite fitting

that they should do so.

We also have an original design for the annual. There were many contestants for the design but Miss Cakebread won the contest.

We take great pleasure in announcing that the Manual Training Building is

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completed, equipped with all necessary machinery and electric appliances. A track for athletics has also been made, but the trouble is we do not seem to have any boys who consider themselves sufficiently qualified to enter the meet.

The girls' basement has been partitioned off and the nicest little sewing room fitted up. A carpet is laid upon the floor, lace curtains are hung on the windows. Tables, ironing boards and all necessary apparatus have been supplied by the wood shop boys. We wish to ex-

tend our thanks to the Board of Trustees for their interest without which the improvements could not have been made.

We are sorry we have not more pictures for our annual but we were unable to obtain them.

We sincerely hope the annual will please the public. We have done the best we can and no one can do more.

We wish to thank the business men, teachers, students and everyone else who have assisted us with "LIBERTY BELL."



The Mystery

By AILEEN PORTER, '14.

The ancient castle with its towers is situated at the head of the valley seeming upon a cliff. Three sides are thickly wooded. The accessible side is bare rock and the massive, gray walls, jarred and rent by earthquakes, can be seen clearly in the distance. In reality it is a place more perfectly fitted for a fortress.

Many years have passed since any one has lived there, thus there are many weird tales connected with the castle.

In olden times our grandfathers did not have banks in which to deposit their money so it was the custom to hide or bury it about their homes. Among those who buried their wealth was an old miser and he is said to have found a hiding place for his treasure some-where within the castle * * * * *

* * * * * *

Early one evening a group of strange men, passing through the village above which towered the old castle, stopped at the Inn. During the usual exchange of stories, the favorite theme of the old miser's hidden treasure strongly aroused in them the spirit of adventure.

Later they met in Clover's room as he was the most enthusiastic and decided to go in search of the miser's gold. Four nights were to be given to the investigation of the castle grounds and on the fifth they were to make their entrance.

Silver volunteered to be the first to go forth and make an examination. He made his way through the forest and up the narrow gorges over rocky arcades until he stood before the castle. How beautiful it looked as the pale moon shone upon it! But what did he see before him as plain as day!

Yes, it was a young girl as pretty as a picture and quite tall. She was standing in the battlement, waiting. Now an older lady and a handsome youth came to her side. They spoke, then the young man turned to his mother and kissed her tenderly. He took his sister in his arms and thus they stood, his face buried in her hair. Then they too, parted. Now the mother and girl waved their handkerchiefs to the departing figure. The mother withdrew and the girl seemingly heartbroken sank down, her head resting on her folded arms.

Silver was filled with terror, and hardly believing what he witnessed, returned to his fellow comrades.

"What have you to tell?" asked the boys as he stepped across the threshold.

"Nothing except there is only one way and that's up the front," replied Silver.

"Well, whose turn is it next?" asked Clover.

"Guess it's mine," answered Elliot.

He traveled the same way and, like

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Silver, stood before the castle but as he looked up at it he caught his breath for there stood a girl, her hair and wrap waving in the breeze. As she walked to and fro she paused, raised her hands above her eyes and gazed across the country; often she stopped suddenly with her eyes fixed upon the ground as if listening.

Elliot was a coward; he waited, only, until he had collected his senses then he fled back to the hotel.

"What is your report?" were Clover's first words.

"Same," came the reply. Silver's eye was upon him from the time he had entered and Elliot's weary, excited manner in drawing his hand across his forehead did not escape his friend. He knew he must have had the same experiences.

They were room-mates and after they were in bed Elliot asked Silver in almost a whisper, "Did you see any thing up there at the castle?"

Silver started, "Why man, what are you getting at? Didn't see a ghost did you?"

After Elliott had told him all, Silver, also related his experience. They decided to tell their companions in the morning.

To their stories, Clover replied, "You men are actually afraid of your shadows. Since you scared all the others so, we'll all go tonight."

When night came they stood, once more, before the castle. Nothing was to be seen.

"What does—look!" cried Evans.

There appeared the girl as Elliot had seen her, going through the same motions. They saw her run, hold out her hands, then she was caught in the arms of the handsome youth whom Silver had seen. They looked into each other's faces, talked and laughed. Suddenly he turned his face,

looked over his shoulder, then freed her of his embrace and caressed his mother who had just appeared. They stood for some time together then entered the castle.

"Better give this up as a bad job, eh?" asked Clover.

"Yes," chorused all.

This story spread around the town like fire. A party of men came and went through the castle. When they unbarred the door a damp, cool, moldy atmosphere filled the room. Chips of rocks were strewn on the floor and the walls were so dusty that the men could easily write their names upon them.

The investigation showed no one had entered, far less lived there, for years.

Many years later a picnic was held in the grounds about the castle. It was in the evening and the people to their astonishment saw an old, crippled woman walk out on the balcony.

"Why that's my grandmother," gasped a girl in the crowd.

"What's she doing there?" asked everyone simultaneously.

"She can't be there; she was home when I left," was the gasping reply.

This led to another investigation but this time the mystery was solved.

The outside of the northern wall was not wood but one large glass mirror. This girl's parents lived on the opposite mountain slope and it was found that if any one stood on the flat, bare summit, the light of the moon reflected them in the mirror of this castle. To make sure of this theory it was tried and found to be so.

At last the mystery which surrounded this castle was cleared but as yet no one has ever found the hidden treasure.

An Early Morning Adventure

By VIOLA PARLIN, '16

It was on a frosty morning
And ice was on the ground,
That three girls in a buggy
To school were early bound;
They started on their journey
With hearts quite light and free
And not a thought oppressed them
Of the coming tragedy.

They had gone a mile upon their way
When the fiery steed fell down.
He kicked and struggled with might and
main,
Yet lay upon the ground.

It was only for a moment
That the steed lay on the ground,
But they sat there a-laughing
'Till the echoes danced around;
They laughed and laughed and laughed
again,
They seemed as if insane.

At length the fiery steed arose

And on again they started,
When lo, a creaking noise they heard,
My lands! a shaft had parted!

Out jumped the troubled trio,
Their smiles had turned to fears,
For that shaft was splintered in such a
way,
It wouldn't knit for years.

Then Mary spoke up bravely,
"We've got to make it do,
For to get a reinstatement,
Is the harder of the two."

So they pieced the shaft together,
With a rusty bit of wire,
Then prayed the Gods to help them,
To be tardy was too dire.

But why prolong this story?
They got to school somehow,
Tho if fortune hadn't changed her mind,
They might not be here now.

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Wait! Think a moment! Do you realize that the 23rd of May is drawing near?

Ah, such a sad feeling seizes me as I think. No longer shall I be one of the happy instigators of the many social affairs of Liberty Union High School.

As I ponder, the social events of the past term appear in the following manner:

On Friday evening, Sept. 13, 1912, at the Masonic Hall the faculty and three upper classes gave a reception to the Freshmen, their parents and former graduates. Mr. Otto and Miss Pearce gave interesting recitations. Then several illustrated songs were given by the upper classmen. Some of those which were very pleasing to the audience were:

"The Soldier's Farewell," Frances

Brown and Everett Lemoine.

"The Troubadour," Elaine Wallace and Harold Collis.

Others were:-

"Old Black Joe," Robert Barkley.

"In the Gloaming," Esther Wrisen

"The Last Rose of Summer," Edith Cakebread.

Several interesting charades were also presented by different ones of the upper classes.

After the program, games were played and later dainty refreshments of ice cream and cake were served up-stairs in the banquet room.

Next in order was the Seniors' Ball, December 20, 1912. The Masonic Hall was artistically decorated with holly berries and mistletoe.

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The excellent music given by the Oakley Orchestra guided our feet so that we kept perfect step without any effort on our part.

About twelve o'clock a delightful supper was served at the Hotel. After which the dancers returned to the hall. Dancing then continued until very early morning when all went home declaring that there was never such a good time in Brentwood.

Very pretty posters the work of the artists of the class attracted much attention and did much in bringing the dancers which filled the hall.

The annual Junior Ball was given this year on April 4, 1913 at the Masonic Hall. The hall was very prettily decorated in the class colors lavender and white. The members of the class wore badges of the same color. Delightful music was given by the Brentwood Orchestra. At about twelve o'clock the grand march took place, led by Aileen Porter, president of the class, and Henry Plumley. An excellent repast of ice cream and cake was served up stairs. A few hours later the lights were put out and the dancers returned to their homes well satisfied with the good time.



School Notes

At the Student Body meeting on August 16, 1912 the following officers were elected:

President, Myra Pearce.

Vice-President, Judson Swift.

Secretary, Edith Cakebread.

Treasurer, Richard Wallace.

Student Body member of the Executive Committee, Will Macgurn.

Faculty member of the Executive Committee, Helen Chase.

The first semester ended with a good nest-egg of \$6.80 in the Treasury to give us a start for the next five months.

The Student Body officers elected for

the second semester were as follows:

President, Myra Pearce.

Vice-President, Elaine Wallace.

Secretary, Edith Cakebread.

Treasurer, Richard Wallace.

Student Body Member of Executive Committee, Mary Parenti.

Faculty Member of the Executive Committee, Helen Chase.

Much time was spent during the meetings in arousing the students to collect material for our annual.

Together with the dues of 10 cents a month and the money taken in at the Junior Ball we now have a goodly sum of \$34.50 in our Treasury.



An Exciting Noon

By ESTHER MURPHY, '14.

"Oh hello, how did you ever get back so soon?"

"Well you see, mother wasn't home so I just ate a bite and ran. But, oh dear! I have to study, how I wish I didn't."

"Oh, don't study now, let's do something exciting."

"Yes do," same a cry from a jolly bunch of girls and boys in the hall.

"What's all this about," asked Myra as she appeared on the scene.

"We're going to do something real exciting," came the reply, "for you know the University Inspector came, the eleven o'clock train was so late, he just got here."

"And the Professor had to take him to the hotel for lunch," put in Emma, "for you know even the wise have to eat."

"He had to leave the students alone, the other teachers had gone to their lunch already. Hurrah! Not a one of them will be back until almost one," shouted Walter.

"My, what a jolly time we will have this noon," said Vernon, his eyes sparkling with mischief.

"Let's have a watermelon feed," suggested Susie who was always fond of eating.

"Sure, I'm terribly hungry for watermelon," piped up a little Freshie.

"I'm afraid; what if we get caught?" spoke up another thoughtful one.

"Oh, nonsense, come on for a good time," was the reply.

So up town Harold and Everett who were ever ready for fun went to purchase the melon. At the foot of the stairs however, they were joined by Roy.

A few little Freshies ran out on the porch to watch for their return. Suddenly one burst in the door crying, "Come on and look girls, they must be bringing the whole store."

The girls madly rushed to the door and saw the boys nearing the gate, carrying two large melons.

Now the question arose where the melons should be eaten.

"Let's eat them on the stairs," suggested one of the boys.

"No, it is too sunny out there, we will all spoil our complexions," said Frances thoughtfully.

"We can eat them in the hall, and put all the rinds in the coal scuttle," put in Ruth.

"In the stove why don't you say," chipped in the mischievous Fred.

"If we eat on the steps, we will surely get them dirty with the seeds and rinds. Then, oh my! What a lecture we will get," spoke up a Sophomore.

"But we have been forbidden to eat in the hall," said a wise Senior.

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Nevertheless into the hall the crowd proceeded.

"Where shall we get a knife, now," said Harold.

Oh, I guess my pocket knife will do," answered Everett.

The melons were cut one after another until everyone had all he could eat. Fun and merriment abounded and no one thought of one o'clock approaching or that they were eating in the hall against rules. The hall looked like a melon parlor. Rinds filled the coal scuttle to the top, a pile in the middle of the floor, and more were scattered about. But nevertheless with all the merriment the hands of the old clock in the assembly room slowly approached a quarter to one.

Suddenly the gate loudly banged.

"Can that be the Professor?" cried a Senior with terror in her voice.

"Let's run," suggested some Freshman. "if he finds us, what then?"

"No that will never do," the upper class men explained, "You have to suffer with us."

For the first time during the hour silence reigned. Quickly the students glanced around the hall. Their faces turned pale with fear. Alas! rinds that some mischievous Freshman had dared to throw lay on the floor. Seeds were scattered abroad. Each student realized that punishment awaited him for disobeying rules. The girls voices trembled with fear. The boys laughed, they knew not for what.

If they could only dispose of the rinds. Put them in the stove! No they could not do that for they would be found.

Run! No never, for their our mischief.

Harold picked up the coal scuttle in the excitement and started for the door, but alas! he stumbled and out rolled the rinds over the floor. No time was left to pick them up for footsteps were now heard upon the stairs. Louder and louder the noise grew and closer approached the footsteps. Each one stood anxiously waiting, trembling with fear.

At last the door was opened.

"Oh! it's only dear little Pat. How you have frightened us," cried the girls in relief.

"Just in time for the feed," shouted the boys and bang! bang! the rinds flew at him.

"Just came in to tell you the Professor is coming," stammered Pat.

Quickly the students flew in every direction carrying the rinds out of the hall in every conceivable way. Some were forgotten in their excitement which were found by the ever critical eye of the Professor.

After everyone was quietly seated in the assembly hall at one o'clock, those who had partaken in the merriment were ordered to report at the office after school.

What occurred that afternoon on the carpet has never been divulged to this day.

THE LIBERTY BELL

The Lizard

On a bright and sunny morning
On a morning bright and fair,
Brought Chick-a-wee-kee-
To our school house
A lizard small and brown.
Lizard was a harmless creature
Harmless as a little child,
But the girls were scared of Lizard,
Frightened most to death were they
And the boys they thought it funny
To see them scream and run away.
So little Mac the awful torment
Took the lizard small and brown
And into Miss Tee Hee's lap he threw it
Threw it hard as hard could be,
And Miss Tee jumped and hollered
Hollered as loud as she could yell
And the lizard small and timid
Tried his best to run away;
But the boys they caught poor lizard
Caught the innocent small thing
And into the joke box put him
Put him for a joke, you see
And Miss Chase she found the lizard
Found the lizard small and brown,
She couldn't see the joke about him
Couldn't see the joke at all,
So she took the lizard with her
Took him with her where e'er she went,
And at noon she gave him freedom
Turned him out into the garden
And the lizard ran rejoicing,
Ran away among the flowers,
And the boys they hunted greatly
Hunted widely for the lizard
But they never found poor lizard
Never found him high or low.
And although the lizard really,
Didn't get into this book
I have substituted fairly
This short jingle in his stead.

The Morning After the Day Before

By SUSIE DICKINSON, '14.

As I sat poring over a dry essay by some renowned author or other, in the once waiting for the Prof. to come in and give me a re-instatement for absence of day before, a shrill voice cried out, "The meeting will now come to order." That was Myra Pearce and no other. What was the matter now? I looked around me. Yes, everything was quite natural, a student body meeting was evidently proceeding.

"A very serious matter," began Myra, "is before us and—"

"Miss chairman," came from the Prof. bounding from his seat.

"Mr. Vivian," snapped Myra.

"I see by the Constitution," he continued, "all matters of importance must be referred to the execut—"

"Execute is the word," broke in Edith looking from her book, "They must be executed."

I sat up in my seat and stared about, every scholar was glaring at me. What ailed me anyhow? Surely I was guilty of some terrible crime, but I couldn't exactly think what it was.

"A motion to that effect," screamed the chairman.

"I never moved." indignantly declared I grasping my desk with a death grip.

"Prove it," demanded Richard waving his check book at me.

I felt in my desk and triumphantly brought forth my notebook, and began reading my History notes.

"She is right," admitted Myra, "because her notebook is more than two-thirds larger than the student body notebook. Now, proceed to business."

"I demand a sentence," screamed Miss Chase.

"Remember the predicate precedes the subject in an interrogative sentence," warned Mae opening her German book for corroboration.

"In other words a sentence precedes an execution," analyzed Myra.

"I say I move that the matter be referred to the Executive Committee," cried the Prof.

"I second the motion," some one cried.

"It has been moved and seconded that she shall be referred to the Executioners," announced Myra. I gritted my teeth and squirmed.

"Ready for question?" was query.

"Question!" came answer.

"All those in favor signify by saying 'Aye,'" I heard Myra say, and held my breath in fear—

"Aye, aye," from a few.

"Those opposed, 'No'."

"No-o-o," loudly.

"Motion is defeated." Could I believe my ears? I never heard sweeter music.

"Here is your re-instatement," I heard the Prof. faintly say.

I eagerly reached forth my hand to take it and poked the Prof. in the back, who was just entering the office. My eyes flew open upon hearing him scream in a very undignified manner.

Chairman, student body and Executive Committee had vanished and there lay the detested essay before me once more, and the Prof's familiar voice saying sternly, "Miss Dickinson, did you bring your excuse?"



Right after school opened August fifth the boys took up baseball. We played Antioch a return game in September at Antioch. The line-up was as follows: Wilson, catcher; W. Macgurn, pitcher; Wallace, first base; F. Macgurn, second base; Colbs, third base; J. Swift, short stop; Cakebread, left field; Healy, center field; and Porter, right field.

The game was a hummer and close all the way through being mostly a pitchers' battle. Errors on the part of the infield and catcher gave Antioch the winning run after ten innings of battle. The score was four to three. The boys took the defeat cheerfully as they put up a good game. We challenged Crockett and Concord but no games resulted. We arranged for a game with Martinez but it was not played on account of rain.

At a meeting of the C. C. A. L. rugby

was introduced. The delegates of the schools fixed a schedule and we were to play the first game with Crockett, October twelfth at Brentwood. After lunch Crockett put on their suits and we started to play. The first half was exciting and we held them down to three to nothing, but in the second half they rolled up a score of eighteen to nothing. W. Macgurn was the star of the game for Liberty having made spectacular runs and kicks.

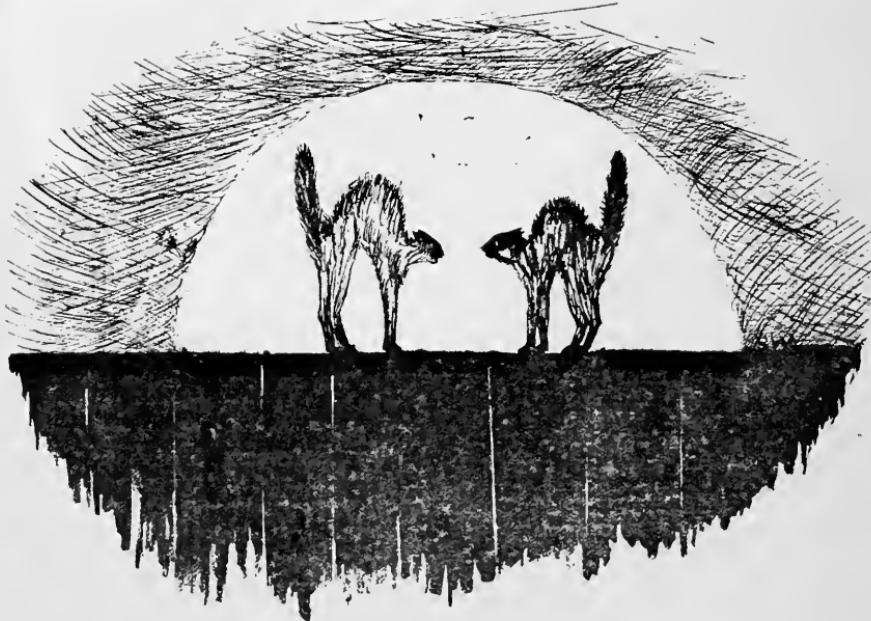
Our next game with Antioch, October nineteenth was about the same as the previous game only the score being twenty-one to nothing. The game was uninteresting after the first four touchdowns, for Antioch. That ended our football games as we had been scheduled to play more games but were unable.

Basket ball was not taken up by the boys this year. We had good material

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but the most of the boys cared little or nothing for it. The girls had some exciting games on the court and arranged for a game with Martinez but it fell through. When track season opened a few boys got out on the track but only

for a few days. Liberty was not represented in the meet, the boys caring little. Next year we expect to have a good lot of athletic men who will be point winners for Liberty.



A Chemical Experiment

By BLANCHE L. JUETT, '15

Did you ever hear about my queer experiment? Well, then I'll tell you about it.

As you know, I am a country doctor but I always try to keep up to date. I was very much interested in the study of microbes for it is this tiny germ that causes disease and if we can find some way to get rid of the germ we have a cure for the disease.

I had a tiny room built in my back yard where I carried on my work of experimenting. I had several bottles, each containing some kind of microbe. One was labeled, "Germs of Yellow Fever," "Germs of Tuberculosis," and "Bacteria of Small Pox."

My wife thought it was awful to have such things about and said, "Why, John, I wouldn't go in your old bug hospital for anything. You never know what kind of a hug is liable to get hold of you."

I carried on my experiments in private and one day, by mistake, I found that the application of radium through certain chemical ingredients would cause a microbe to increase in size. I was alarmed at first because I thought that a larger microbe could do so much more damage than a smaller one but I decided to get a harmless germ and increase it in size, then try to find something to exterminate the germ all together.

I at last decided a harmless germ of influenza would be the thing and at the end of a month I had a germ walking around my room about the size of a small dog. In fact it resembled a dog in its size, shape and eyes. I named him "Mike" and we soon became very fond of each other but every time he came near me I would have a fit of sneezing just as if I were coming down with a bad cold.

No one knew about my secret until my niece came to visit us. One day she had a party under the trees in the back yard and we were all enjoying ourselves when I was called away. In my hurry I forgot to lock the door to the laboratory.

Soon after my departure the young folks were walking around the yard when they came to my room. Nancy, my niece, said, "This is Uncle John's room. He has all kinds of queer things but he always has it locked." She tried the door and as it wasn't locked, the young folks went in.

Mike spied them instantly and came running to them. They thought him very cute but as soon as he came near to them, they all started sneezing, and wiping tears from their faces until at last all had to go to their homes. Mike followed them,

When I returned home my wife told me about the time Nancy and her friends had had but I was very innocent.

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I was worried to think Mike had escaped because I knew he would make trouble.

Sure enough that night my telephone rang. The call was from an old friend of mine who lived a few blocks from us.

He said, "Hello, doctor, come to my house quick. The devil is to pay."

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"Hanged if I know. We've all sneezed ourselves nearly to death. Grandma has sneezed her spectacles to pieces, I sneezed all the buttons off my vest and the baby has sneezed herself out of the cradle. My wife is badly frightened and says it's appendicitis. Hurry."

When I arrived at the house here was Mike roaming around the room so I said, "Get this dog out of the house."

As soon as he was taken out they stopped sneezing so I gave them some harmless medicine.

Tom said, "You're the best one for giving medicine for immediate relief of any one I know."

I left them and went home sore at heart because I knew Mike would make more trouble but I heard no more complaints at the end of a week so I was beginning to feel easier because I thought perhaps Mike had been killed but "alas! no such luck."

My wife and I were in church and the preacher had just announced a hymn when who should come marching up the aisle, but Mike.

I began to feel my heart sink when he went up to the preacher.

The preacher said, "We will now sing number—ker—chew. We will now sing ker—chew—ker—chew." The poor man sneezed till the tears came from his eyes and his false teeth fell to the floor.

When the choir saw this they started giggling so Mike thought he'd visit them too.

As soon as he reached the choir they started sneezing too; the alto and soprano taking the lead.

When everyone started sneezing Mike became alarmed and left. It was funny, I laughed, although I was the real cause.

The preacher when he had recovered his breath and teeth said, "I do not know what sacriligious person distributed snuff in this room but it is obvious that further services cannot be decorously conducted this morning. The congregation will arise and be dismissed."

The affair caused much excitement and much talk and the trustees of the church offered a reward for the perpetrator of the outrage, while the "Daily News" came out with "The Growing Depravity of Our Young Men."

I, alone knew the guilty person and my conscience troubled me. I tried very hard to capture Mike without success. At last, however, I heard of the people of another town being afflicted with sudden and strange attacks of sneezing or "acute influenza", as the doctors called it. I smiled for I knew Mike had departed our neighborhood and a great weight of responsibility was taken from me.

THE LIBERTY BELL



"Oak Leaves"—A very neat and well arranged annual.

like the system of having the title of the annual run through the book. The paper of your annual is of good quality.

"The Advance, Arcata, Cal.—We thoroughly appreciate your excellent annual. Those beautiful scenes add a great deal to its artistic merits. Your departments are well arranged. Please call again.

"The Golden Bear"—Your editorial is very good. We do not care for such large print.

"Green and Gold"—We were much interested in your exciting stories. You have very good talent in your school. We

"The Cardinal"—Your cover design is splendid. Your annual is very good but we would advise a few cartoons.



The Sixth Sense

By MYRA PEARCE, '13

It was a warm June day and I was sitting out on the front porch reading a book, or trying to. My thoughts were anything but glad, I can assure you.

I was but a girl of eighteen with scarcely a cent in the world and no occupation that I could follow. I had lost my mother a year ago and my father had followed her six months later. I had no relatives that I knew of, and so I was quite alone in the world.

I was staying with Mrs. Reed, an old friend of my mothers, and although they were very kind I could see they felt my long stay tiresome.

No wonder I felt sad; who wouldn't under the circumstances, and I laid my head wearily on the book I was reading.

Presently Mrs. Reed came out with a letter in her hand, "I have some very good news for you, Myrtle, my dear," she said, "let me read this letter to you."

Pine Grove, Montana.
June 10, 1910.

My dear Mr. and Mrs. Reed:

You will no doubt be surprised to learn that I, James Carlton, am still alive and well. I know it was reported that I was killed in the mines and my deceased brother, Ralph, thought so. To tell you the truth I was seriously injured but recovered, went back to work again and as luck would have it, made a large fortune.

I learned through the papers of my brother's death and that he left his only surviving child almost penniless, and that she was dependent on you.

If she wishes it, I would be more than glad to have her come and live with me as I am also all alone in the world. I am enclosing a check for her expenses both for her ticket and any other things she may find necessary to travel in.

Let me know her decision as soon as possible.

James Carlton.

"What a cold formal letter from an uncle," I exclaimed, when she had finished reading.

"Yes, but Jim, though peculiar, is kind hearted," she answered. Then in a moment she asked, almost anxiously I thought, "Will you go to him, Myrtle?"

"Indeed yes," I answered. "What else is there left for me to do? I shall send a telegram telling him I will start, the day after to-morrow."

This I did at once and then went about making preparations necessary for my journey.

I started on the fifteenth and did not expect to reach Pine Grove until the eighteenth.

I arrived at Butte, Montana on the sixteenth, but it was a two day's journey in a wagon from there to Pine Grove.

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My uncle had not come to meet me but had sent Douglas Wells, a cow-boy, instead.

It was the first time in my life I had traveled any distance alone, and it was especially trying to be landed in Montana without knowing a soul and to be escorted around by a savage cow-boy, (I had read such awful stories about them), it was no wonder I was almost frantic with fear.

"If yo' please, Miss," he said, "the old man couldn't come himself so he sent me instead. I'll take yo' to the hotel and to-morrow mornin' we'll start for Pine Grove."

"Thanks," was all I could manage to say.

He looked at me so very queerly and a smile passed over his brown face while his dark eyes shone with merriment he tried to hide.

We went to the hotel where I engaged a room. It was late and I was tired, so directly after supper I went to bed.

The land lady called me at five in the morning for we were to leave at six.

My escort was there on time with a splendid pair of mustangs and a nice buggy.

We were soon on our way and I certainly did enjoy the beautiful country we passed through.

I was very anxious to know something about my uncle so I said to my companion, "I have never seen my uncle, and I am interested to know what kind of a man he is. Won't you tell me something about him?"

"Waal," he answered, "he's a queer old duffer. I don't understand much about him, nor does anybody else, I reckon. He stays alone most of the time up in a little tower room on top of the house. He never lets anybody go up there and I haven't the

least idea what he's got there. But he's a good sort," and Douglas shut up and not another word would he say.

The roads were awfully rough and the sun was so hot the horses had to stop and walk a great deal. The consequences were we didn't reach Big Bluff where we were to have stayed all night, by dark, and the cowboy said, "Guess we'll have to roost here all night, Miss. It's too dark to see the road now and anyway the horses are all in."

"What," I almost screamed in my terror, "Stay in this awful place all night?" And I looked at the big trees and gloomy mountains and sincerely wished I was some place else.

"We haven't anything to eat, have we?" I continued, "and the wild animals will eat us up, won't they?" But to tell the truth I was more afraid of him than the wild animals.

"Oh," he said, "we've got plenty to eat. I always carry provisions and cooking pots along in case anything should happen."

He turned the horses loose and answered to my questioning eyes. "They won't leave us." Then he built a fire and put some meat and corn on to cook, washed some potatoes, and sliced the bread, while I sat and watched him with wide, wondering eyes.

He would look at me once in a while with those merry eyes of his but I could not see anything funny unless it was myself.

"Supper is served, Miss," he said and in spite of my fear I was really hungry.

He sat there and looked at me. Not a word did he say and I felt nervous.

Finally I said, "Won't you tell me a story or experience you have had, Mr. Wells? I know you must have had many up here."

THE LIBERTY BELL

"Call me 'Dug', Miss, I ain't used to being called Mr.," he answered slowly, "As to an experience, I guess I will tell you one your uncle and I had right here about three months ago."

"We were comin' from Butte and we got delayed so, we camped here all night. Your uncle was sittin' just where you are now and I was sittin' here. The smoke was a pourin' from the fire and everything was just so still as could be.

"All at once Mr. Carlton looked up into the smoke and I looked too. There was a man standin' in the smoke just as sure as shootin' and your uncle says to him, 'Ralph have you gone into the great beyond?' The spirit nodded its head, then your uncle asked, 'Ralph, is there anything you want me to do?' The spirit nodded again and made a motion like writing a letter, then disappeared.

"Your uncle turned to me and asked, 'Did you see that Douglas.' 'Yes,' I answered. 'That is called the "Sixth Sense" the power to see those who have gone before,' he said, 'not many have that power and those who have it are either called frauds or insane.'

"Then he fell to thinkin' and I didn't disturb him any more. Soon we both rolled up in our blankets and went to sleep.

"In the mornin' we went home and we hadn't been there but a little while when the old man came to me with a three months old paper in his hands, (you know we don't get the mail up here very often), and pointed out an article to me. It was an account of your father's death, and the paper also said his daughter was left without a cent. Your uncle decided to send for you then, but it was almost three months before he did so."

"I felt awfully sorry for you, Miss Myrtle," he said.

I thought it was about time to suggest going to bed, so I did.

"You can sleep in the buggy, I guess," he said, "I'll lie down here and keep the fire going, so as to keep off the wild animals." and he smiled.

"Would you let me have one of your revolvers?" I asked, "I would feel safer if I had it." Although I didn't know how to use it.

He took one of his revolvers from his belt and handed it to me without a word, then he helped me into the buggy and went back to the fire.

I was so tired that I slept in spite of myself and did not wake until I heard a voice say, "You had better get up Miss, and eat something before we start."

I jumped up and the revolver fell to the ground.

"It's a good thing it wasn't loaded," said the cowboy as he picked it up.

I looked at him, "Wasn't it loaded?"

"No, Miss Myrtle, I gave you the empty one for I was afraid you might take me for a wild animal and shoot me, then you would have been sorry," he said sarcastically.

I felt ashamed, but angry with him for treating me so and our ride home from there was not a pleasant one.

We neared my uncle's home about six o'clock and I saw the little tower room that Douglas had told me about. There were many trees about the house, which was very old fashioned but comfortable.

My uncle whom I now saw for the first time was not an old man. Indeed he looked to be merely in his prime. A handsome man tho he had most peculiar eyes and a queer expression on his face.

My uncle kissed me, while Douglas looked at us with that sarcastic grin.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

"Welcome to your future home, little niece," said my uncle, "May you be happy here."

"Thank you, uncle," I said.

We then went into the house which was furnished, surprisingly well. I fell in love with the place right away.

I told my uncle of my journey and he said, "You need never have any fear of Douglas. He is the best boy I ever knew."

Just then Douglas came in and we all three sat down to supper. The cowboy still watched me with those eyes of his and I secretly wondered if all cowboys looked at a person in such a way.

After a few weeks I got used to my uncle's queer ways and Dug's queer eyes and liked them both very much.

I was curious to know about the tower room but the door was always locked and my uncle never asked me to go up with him so my curiosity was not satisfied.

One evening my uncle and I were talking of religion, spirits and the Hereafter when he asked me to accompany him to his room on top of the house.

I went. I never saw such a room in my life. On the walls hung the queerest pictures I had ever seen. I do not know the words to use to describe them.

My uncle showed me a small instrument on the table that looked to me like the instrument used in telegraphing. He told me to take hold of the two wires hanging down from it. This I did and instantly a chill ran through my body that made my hair stand right up. My eyes grew large and wide and my whole body shook like a leaf. My head ached, my eyes burned, my entire body felt like it was on fire. It was so sick I thought I was going to die.

Then every thing changed; beautiful flowers bloomed around me, the birds

sang, oh! so sweetly in the trees. Soon came far off music, sweeter than anything I had ever heard in my life. Children's happy faces shone around me, and oh! ever lasting joy! my mother came and stroked my hair as she used to do. Accompanied by her harp, she sang a beautiful song, "Where the Myrtle and the Ivy doth entwine." When she had finished she said, "Your good uncle has given you the 'Sixth Sense,' which enables you to see and feel us and know we are near, but I am afraid it will injure you if he does it again."

My father came and folded me in his arms, calling me his little jewel, he whispered, "I will watch over you little daughter, but I know one in the flesh, who will watch over you more tenderly than I can if you will let him."

Then another shock came more terrible than the first. The scene changed again. Millions of years had passed and I was far beyond the rays of the farthest star, among the isles of the blessed. I had at last reached the highest sphere and could go no farther. It had taken millions of years. Douglas was by my side, mother father, uncle and others were grouped about me. It seemed, through my uncle, I had climbed to the highest realms of the spiritual world.

I knew no more.

I was awakened in the morning by Dug's voice singing, "Where the Myrtle and the Ivy doth entwine."

"Why, that's the song my mother's spirit sang last night," I murmured.

A thought came over me. Did I dream it? I must have for here I was in bed. Still it was so real I thought it must be so.

I was so weak I could hardly get out

THE LIBERTY BELL

of bed and my face was as pale as a ghost's.

My uncle looked keenly at me, as I entered the dining room. "How do you feel this morning Myrtle, dear?" he asked.

"Not very well," I said. Then I asked him if it was a dream I had last night. He looked at me queerly and said, "Judge for yourself, my dear, if you think it is a dream all right, if not, all right," and he got up and walked to the stairs that led to the little room murmuring as he went, "I won't try it again for awhile, she's not strong enough yet," and soon I heard the lock snap as he shut the door behind him.

I went out into the garden and sat down. Soon Douglas appeared and sat down beside me. I told him my last

night's experience and he said, "It's kinder funny isn't it, I had a dream also last night, and the night before that and many other nights, which I hope to realize some day," and he went off singing, "Where the Myrtle and the Ivy doth entwine." He looked back at me and smiled, not sarcastically this time.

I smiled also for I knew the dream he meant and I idly watched two doves cooing contentedly on the roof of the house.

I heard Dug's voice grow fainter and fainter until at last it died away. The doves fluttered from the roof and faintly I heard my uncle's little instrument buzzing in the tower room, from which it seemed to send out to me, "The Sixth Sense."



THE LIBERTY BELL.

Defeat of the Bull Moose Army

By BLANCHE I. JUETT, '15.

The big Moose, Teddy, like a monarch grand,
With head aloft surveyed the land,
And looking toward President Valley,
Decided he would call a rally.

So he sent out the secret word,
To every moose and moosey of the herd,
For to give the timely warnin,
That they would stampede in the morning.

That bright and early en-masse,
They would make the run for Progressive
Pass
That leads into a big rich valley,
Where the herd of moose could at leisure
dally.

To browse sweet grass and all kinds of
clover,
And sweetly dream and think it over
How the Wilson pack looked the winner,
In their big race for a moose-meat dinner.
The big moose urged them, to greatest
speed
And for this, there was urgent need
For the herd of moose could almost feel
The cruel fangs, set in jaws of steel.

Cutting and gnashing their tender legs,
Until they were scarcely more than pegs,
And their mournful wail went to the sky
That they did not have wings to fly.

But the Wilson wolves cut them down
And cut their throats, the bleats to drown,
Leaving them all on the field of battle
For the storm and gales their bones to
rattle.

THE HOROSCOPE

SENIORS		Nickname	Failing	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE RETREAT
Edith Cakebread	Mickie	History	For the love of Mike	Study Hall	
Myra Pearce	Spirra	Speaking	About that time I left	Livery Stable	
Elaine Wallace	Snookums	Giggling	Call a Taxi	Back Gato	
Judson Swift	Jasper	Teasing	Let me type that	Pool Shack	
Richard Wallace	Rich	Hot Socks	Good-Night	Track	
JUNIORS		Nickname	Failing	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE RETREAT
Mary Parent	Marie	Her Laugh	Well, how do I know?	Oakley Hotel	
Aileen Porter	Johnnie	Motorecycling	You crazy Boob	Bottom of Stairs	
Esther Murphy	Mercury	Studying	Say —	Room 4	
Henry Plumley	Hank	Giving Elec-	Say, did you get your English?	Work Shop	
Mae Pemberton	Pemmy	tric shocks	Oh! Gee	Latin Room	
Susie Dickinson	Thusie	German	Just for spite now	Church Steps	
Harold Colls	Yens	Moving Pictures			
Everett Lemond	Squakie	Hitching	Well, you see it was like this	By the Tennis Court	
SOPHOMORES		Nickname	Failing	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	FAVORITE RETREAT
Frances Brown	Henrietta	Horses	Did somebody say something	Palace of Sweets	
Newa Sheddick	Bessa	Queening			
Esther Wristen	Fritz	Posing	Mamma says, "No! NO!"	Looking Glass	
Bessie Sanders	Neaver	To hurry	Oh! I don't want to do that	Under the Stairs	
Blanche Juett	Henrietta	home			
Elvira Lucas	Bessa	Buns	I say gray	Grammar School	
Ardiana Jongeneel		Getting	I say tan	In Her Buggy	
Walter Swift		Letters			
	Napoleon	Rugby riding	Oh! Heck	Lunch Basket	
	Lucas	Eves	Hee, Hee	Colorado	
	Yani	Orientalness	Where's Frances?	Dictionary	
	John	Current	I got Cha	Hand Ball Court	
		Events			

<i>Ernest Crockett</i>	<i>Pat Sparerilis</i>	<i>Voice</i>	<i>By 2-2-2! :)</i>	<i>Tilly's Back Yard</i>
<i>Roy Frierichs</i>	<i>Rip</i>	<i>Teasing Pal</i>	<i>Oh! Tripe</i>	<i>Pit Shop</i>
<i>Alvin Howard</i>		<i>Speeding</i>	<i>Huh _____</i>	<i>Post Office</i>
FRESHMEN				FAVORITE RETREAT
<i>Ruth Weiske</i>	<i>Nickname</i>	Failing	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	<i>Emma's Buggsy</i>
<i>Emma Shellenberger</i>	<i>Blondie</i>	<i>Cuteness</i>	<i>Perfectly Demoralizing</i>	<i>Back Porch</i>
<i>Elizabeth Jongeneel</i>	<i>Emmie</i>	<i>Dreaming</i>	<i>Hello!</i>	<i>Road Home</i>
<i>Folly Barkley</i>	<i>Sis</i>	<i>Middy blouse</i>	<i>dinnin' Crickets</i>	<i>Her Desk</i>
	<i>Polks</i>	<i>Rising big words</i>	<i>Did you get your History?</i>	
<i>Viola Parlin</i>	<i>Little Vi.</i>	<i>Taking walks</i>	<i>Oh! Horrors</i>	<i>Drawing Room</i>
<i>Raymond Prewett</i>	<i>Dominic</i>	<i>on Sunday</i>	<i>Hello Sweetness</i>	<i>Most Any Old Place</i>
<i>Henry Barkley</i>	<i>Backley</i>	<i>Stumbling</i>	<i>Miss Lorimer</i>	<i>Black Hills</i>
<i>Fred Margurn</i>	<i>Little Mac</i>	<i>Walking</i>	<i>Is that so?</i>	<i>Office</i>
<i>Vernon Cakebread</i>	<i>Cakie</i>	<i>Being</i>		
		<i>Waltzoid</i>		
		<i>Being Sick</i>	<i>You don't say so</i>	
		<i>in the basement</i>	<i>Golly!</i>	
<i>Byron Fotheringham</i>	<i>Byrite</i>	<i>Sitting with</i>	<i>Aileen</i>	<i>Back Alley</i>
<i>Henry Wintree</i>	<i>Nigga'</i>	<i>Being Polite</i>	<i>Ovah yonda'</i>	<i>Depot</i>
<i>James Nealy</i>	<i>Jim</i>	<i>Pies</i>	<i>Ahi! Pshaw</i>	<i>Bakery</i>
<i>Andrew Porter</i>	<i>Porter</i>	<i>Quitting</i>	<i>I don't know</i>	<i>Foot Ball Field</i>
<i>Eddie Hevey</i>	<i>Chick</i>	<i>Algebra?</i>	<i>Algebra?</i>	<i>Chicken House</i>
		<i>Walking</i>	<i>Straight</i>	

THE LIBERTY BELL

Alumni

M
L
F

Class '05.

Edith A. Sellers teaches music at her home near Knightsen and is a member of the Mansfeldt Club of San Francisco.

Class '06.

Annie O'Hara is teaching school at Pittsburg, Cal.

Roy Heck holds a position with Hamm, Carrigan and Hayden of San Francisco.

Effie A. Chadwick (Mrs. Ray Bonnickson) resides near Byron.

Hattie Russen (Mrs. O'Banion) resides in Oakland.

Pearl Grove (Mrs. Henry Sellers) resides near Knightsen.

Bertha Sanders is in San Francisco.

Fern V. Cummings resides in Berkeley.

Pern Howard works for an Oakland firm.

George Barkley is deputy county clerk at Martinez.

Class '07.

Alma Allen resides at her home in Escalon.

Harold L. Swift was last heard from in Arizona.

Leo O'Hara resides near Oakley.

Enna Goodwin works for the Selby Smelting Co. at Selby.

Johanna Grueninger (Mrs. Joseph Jesse) lives in Oakley.

Class '08.

Leonard Dainty holds a position with Studebaker Bros. of San Francisco.

Millard Diffin is tilling the soil in the Brentwood vicinity.

Addie Knight (Mrs. Mecum) resides in West Berkeley.

Class '09.

Edna Heck is teaching in the Brentwood Grammar School.

Bessie Collis is teaching in the Live Oak School, near Oakley.

Edna Heidorn is principal of Eden Plain School at Knightsen.

Iva Bonnickson is teaching at Milo, Tulare County.

Willie Morgans is attending the University of California.

Robert Wallace Jr. is farming near Brentwood.

Class '10.

Charles O'Hara and James M. Barkley are attending the University of California at Berkeley.

Joseph Barkley is also carrying off high honors at U. C.

Ray Shafer is attending the College of the Pacific.

Rose Miller resigned from the Oakley School at Christmas and is now Mrs. Eugene Wilson. Her home is in San Jose.

THE LIBERTY BELL

Claude Wristen, Arthur Sheddick, William Cakebread Jr. and Dewitt Richardson are farming in Brentwood vicinity.

William Murphy is managing a large stock range several miles from town.

Ellis Howard is farming near Knightsen.

Camille Sresovich holds a position as stenographer for a San Francisco firm.

Margaret White holds a position as stenographer for the Stockton Guaranty Title Co., Stockton, Cal.

Class '11.

Frank Helm is a shipping clerk for

William Cluff, San Francisco.

Van Prince is working for an auto company in San Francisco.

Marguerite Geddes is attending U. C.

Morgan Shroder is farming at his home near Oakley.

Class '12.

Esther Dainty is attending the Western Normal at Stockton.

Olive Siple and Katie Murphy are completing their first year at the State Normal at San Jose.

Jessie E. Johnson resides at her home near Brentwood.



Calendar

Aug. 5—School opens.

Aug. 6-7—We get to work.

Aug. 8—Elaine snorts in history.

Sept. 8—"Rip" has a hair cut. We ought to have a holiday.

Sept. 10—H. Plumley turns a pigeon loose in Room 1.

Oct. 10—Will Macgurn has a shoe polish.

Nov. 5—Holiday! Joy!

Nov. 6—School again. Gloom!

Nov. 9—Mary Parenti brings mistletoe to school.

Dec. 16—Mr. Vivian announces that Judson and Richard are going for hollyberries. Exit Will.

Dec. 18—Mr. Vivian declares that no one shall sit in chairs by the stove in the morning.

Dec. 19—A step ladder is used in place of chairs.

Dec. 20—The last day of school, also the day of the great Senior Ball.

Jan. 8—Henry Plumley puts ice on Pat's seat.

Jan. 13—Some bullets mysteriously get in the stove.

Jan. 14—Mr. Vivian talks about the Panama canal.

Jan. 16—Great day! Harold tells what Congress did.

Jan. 28—Elaine hits Myra in the office.

Feb. 11—Pat hits his elbow while working in the wood shop. The boys tell us the story slightly mixed.

Feb. 12—The anniversary of the Great Liberty Strike. The gong shall not ring today. But a dream—a half holiday after all.

Feb. 17—Ruth sees a snake. Our ears hurt yet.

Feb. 18—Some bills mysteriously appear on the wall. Who did it?

Mar. 3—Myra writes a description of a young man. Mary and Susie think they know who he is.

Mar. 4—Andrew wishes to drop Algebra.

Mar. 5—Vernon and Hank have a fight. Myra takes her sweater off.

Mar. 7—The school yard is devoted to a camping ground.

Mar. 11—The University Inspector comes. Do you know your lessons?

Mar. 17—Pat celebrates St. Patrick's Day by knocking Fred out in the 29th round.

Mar. 19—Quit kicking my dog around.

Mar. 21—Some one was darn kind.

Mar. 26—Frances went into hysterics over a mouse.

April 1—Neva sits on Aileen's head.

April 4—Juniors give their annual ball in honor of the Seniors.

April 16—Victrola——That's all.

April 18—We are given a holiday to go to see the Farmer's Institute in Oakley. We take Oakley by storm. Brentwood bus wins first place.

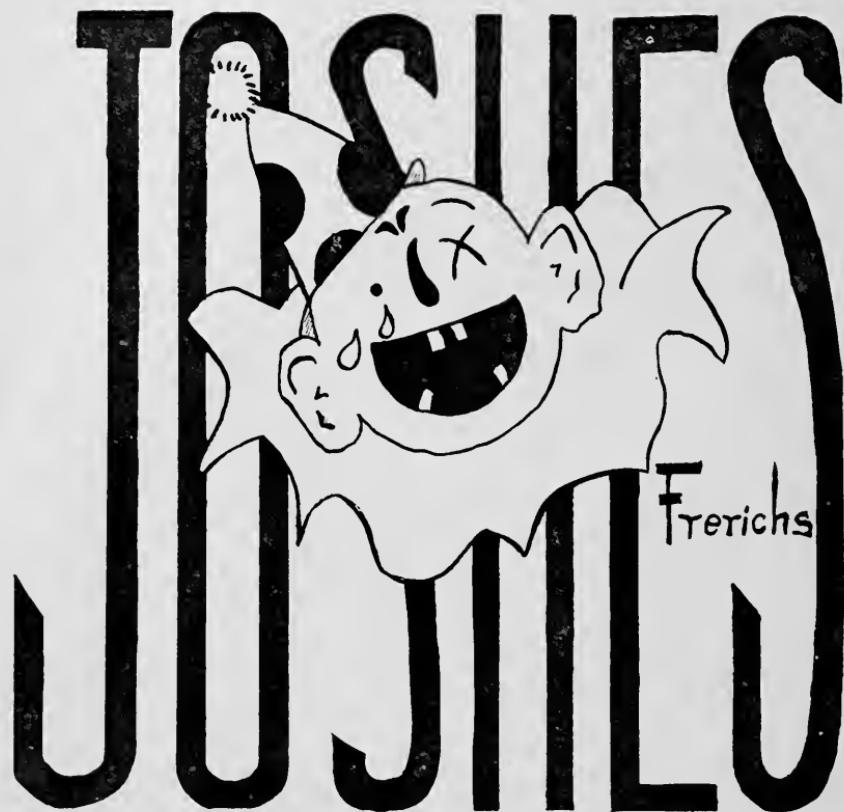
April 22—Harold is turned into a sack of hay.

April 28—A most remarkable day. Elaine and Edith go for a ride in a dandy cart, and find something, um—um. Mr. Sharkey views the would-be Annual.

May 2—Myra and Elaine take the Annual to print. We're so glad that it is done. We hope the people will like it.

THE LIBERTY BELL

In Memoriam
of O. C. Wristen, Clerk of Board of
Trustees, December 28, 1912.



Miss Chase: "What is a superior?"

Earle Cantrell: "Your better half."

* * *

Raymond (In spelling) "The hen layed an ellipse."

* * *

Miss Chase (In English III) "Richard why did Eliot have Silas go back to Lanterryard after thirty years?"

Richard: "To make him feel how ancient he had become."

Will Leveira (In spelling) "The chagrin walked down the street."

* * *

Richard (In assembly as a great crash of dishes is heard in the drawing room). "Gee, it sounds like a free lunch counter in there."

* * *

Miss Lorimer: "Pick up your feet."

Vernon: "I can't walk if I pick them up."

THE LIBERTY BELL

Mr. Vivian (In U. S. History)—“Judson, what kind of men came over to Jamestown at first?”

Judson: “Roving sports.”

* * *

Mr. Vivian: “Well, what shall I talk about, the Progressive Party or what.”

Fred: “Talk about a minute.”

* * *

* * *

E. Wristen: “She wore a fickle skirt.”

* * *

Mr. Vivian: “You have had two years of sewing, haven’t you Miss Wristen, and Miss Sheddrick?”

Girls: “Yes.”

Mr. Vivian: “Then next year you will be ready to cook.”

* * *

Miss Chase: “Mr. Leveira, give me a sentence with feminine in it.”

Will L.: “The feminine fell down the stairs.”

* * *

Mr. Vivian (In U. S. History) “As we are behind in our history I will call for all your speeches today, tomorrow.”

* * *

Will Leveira: “Shall I draw everything I can see through the bottle?”

Miss Lorimer: “What can you see?”

Will: “The other side.”

* * *

Aileen: “You ought to see Myra beat it when Judson gets after her in the commercial room.”

Edith: “Seems to me he has been after her for about a year.”

* * *

Blanche: “I would kiss you, Vernon, but I’m afraid Emma would hear of it.”

Vernon: “It wouldn’t be that loud, would it?”

Aileen: “Bessie is to be married.”

Esther W.: “When?”

Ailcen: “On her wedding day.”

* * *

Will: “Now I have the mistletoe over my head. Come on Mary.”

Mary C.: “I’m not that hard up.”

* * *

Elaine: “Say, Edith, did you hear about Henry hitting Crockett in the basement.”

Edith: “Where?”

* * *

Mr. Vivian (in his opening address to the school, Jan. 6.) “We can hardly expect to keep this school-house warm. Why, yesterday at home I couldn’t keep one little room warm.”

Raymond (in a whisper) “Gee, the Prof. needs a new stove.”

* * *

Miss Chase: “Susie, where did we leave the story of Macbeth.”

Susie: “In the book.”

* * *

Mr. Vivian: “Why does Congress end on March 4?”

Judson: “Because it stops then, I guess.”

* * *

Mr. Vivian: “Alvin, I am tired of your coming late. Stay an hour after school. (A pause). Well, have you nothing to say?”

Alvin: “No, only I think you’re mighty liberal with other people’s time.”

* * *

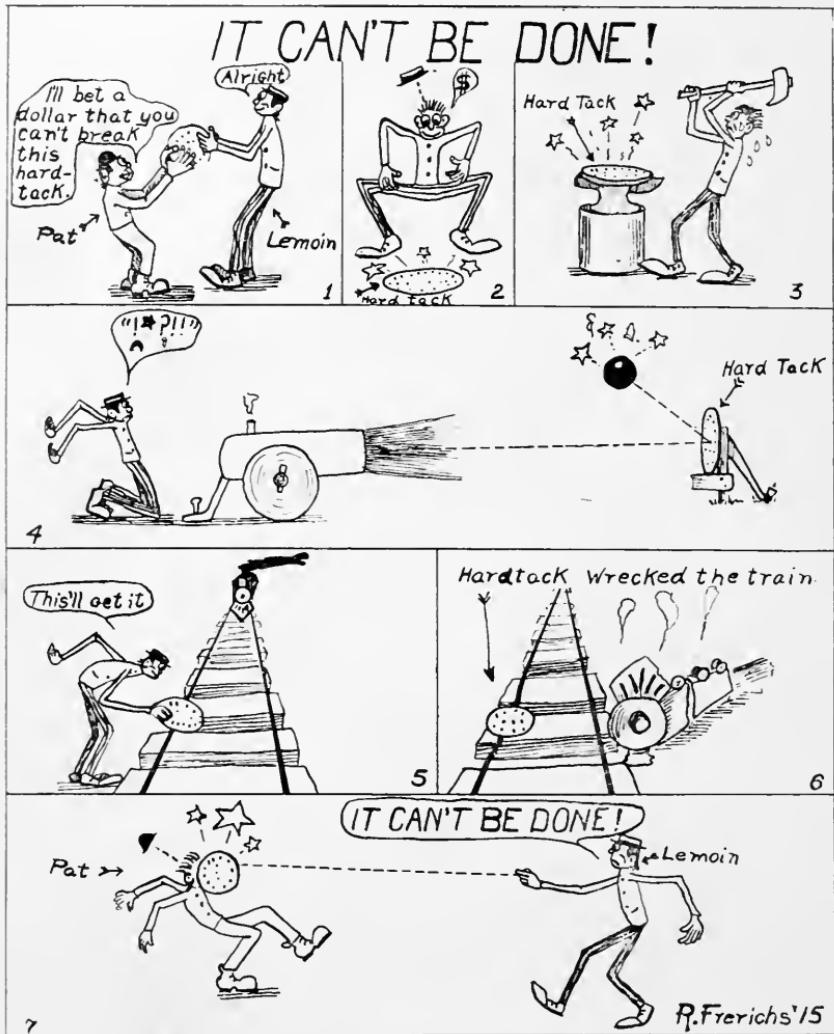
Miss Chase: “Take exercises one and three.”

Richard (pertly) “Omit two?”

* * *

Ray: “Oh, I thought we omitted to page 147—Gee!”

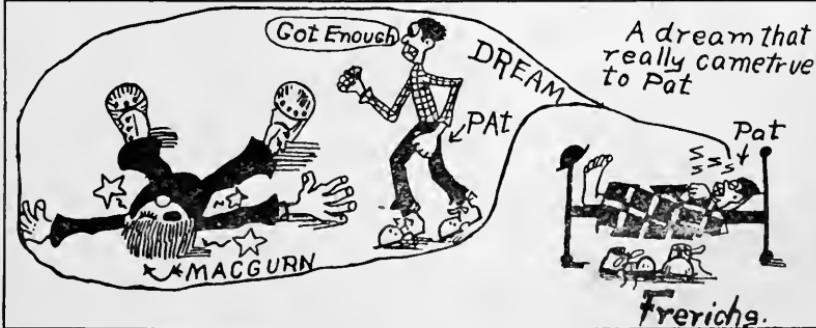
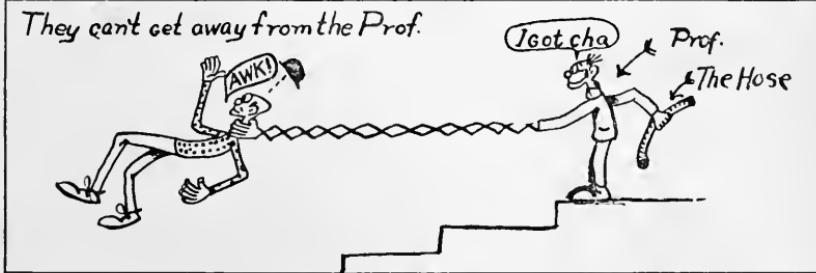
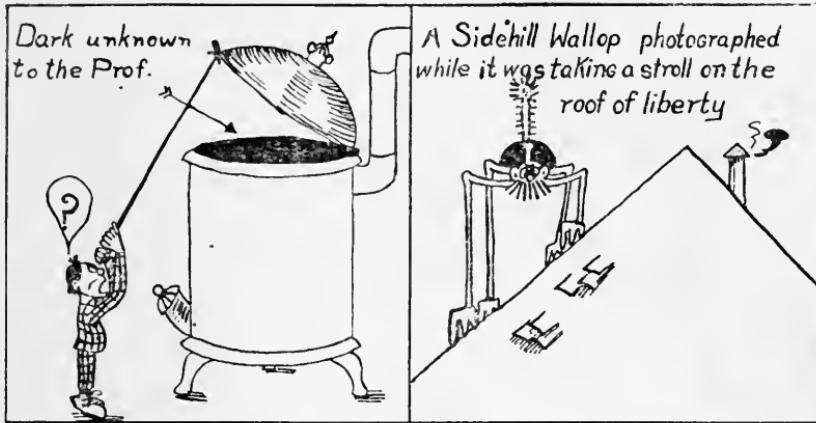
THE LIBERTY BELL



BYRON: "Say Mary, some body hit me in the back alley today with a mud ball."

EDITH: "Say Aileen, did you hear about that fellow in Antioch getting stabbed in the saloon?"

THE LIBERTY BELL



Byron (coming from down stairs): "Lemine is sick in the basement."

Miss Chase: "Blanche, why wouldn't it be good to have a single session?"

THE LIBERTY BELL

Mr. Vivian: "Now, you must all come to the dance. (Boys scrape their feet). But don't use your feet."

* * *

Myra (trying to write shorthand) "Let's see, fear goes outside and beer goes inside."

* * *

Henry Barkley: (in drawing) "I drew that already."

Miss Lorimer: "Why do you take English?"

Henry: "Because I can't get out of it."

* * *

Miss L.: "Earle, stop your laughing."

Earle: "I'm not laughing, I'm grinning."

Miss L.: Then don't grin so loud."

* * *

"I say, doctor, did you ever doctor another doctor?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, tell me this. Does a doctor doctor another doctor the way the doctored doctor wants to be doctored or does the doctor doing the doctoring doctor the doctor the doctor in his own way."

* * *

Mr. Vivian (in history) "How should we study the past?"

Blanche: "We should study the past sympathetically."

Mr. Vivian: "Why should we sympathize with the people that are dead and gone to dust. You know dust we art, to dust returneth."

Blanche: "If we are dust how is it we don't get muddy when we get wet?"

* * *

Mr. Vivian (to assembly) "Have any of the teachers anything to say? I would like to learn something new, if possible."

Miss Chase: "Will, what is an essay."

Will Mae.: "Oh, sort of an outline."

* * *

Harold (as he looks at Esther Murphy who has her hair done in a Psyche) "Gee! The price of bologna sausage must be cheap."

* * *

Richard (to assembly) "Say, all those students who do not pay their dues by Monday morning will be shot in the afternoon."

* * *

Mr. Vivian (in history) "The Moors and the Jews were burned to——burned to——."

Class: "A steak."

* * *

Myra: "Vernon, why were you studying so hard last night after school? Was the subject interesting?"

Vernon (disgustedly): "Naugh, the teacher made me."

* * *

Harold (to Elaine who is looking at him from across the street): "What are you looking at?"

Elaine: "Oh, nothing much."

* * *

I suppose so.

Mr. Vivian (in U. S. history): "Say, what do you mean, how do I know what you mean, there are forty eight constitutions in each state."

* * *

Harold (translating German): "Arnold had scarcely any look for—for—"

Mr. Otto: "There is only one for Mr. Collis."

* * *

Richard (reading in English III): "And she believed it to the death of her day."

THE LIBERTY BELL

Fred: "After the Gaul killed himself he then killed his wife."

* * *

Mr. Vivian: "Pat if you want to get roasted stand behind the new stove."

John: "Oh yes, then we'll have roasted hard tack."

* * *

Miss Chase: "Walter, what is a demigod?"

John: "Oh, it's some kind of a vessel that holds beer and other liquids."

* * *

Henry Barkley: "How old was Washington when he died?"

Mr. Vivian: "I don't remember when he was born. Does anyone know?"

Fred: "22nd of February, wasn't he?"

* * *

Frances (who has a doughnut): "Want at bite, Mr. Otto?"

Mr. Otto: "No thanks, I haven't time to be scratching bites."

* * *

I wonder what she meant.

Miss Chase (in English class which has been studying Tam O'Shanter): "Now Walter, tell us about Tam's ride home, I guess you have experienced just such a night."

* * *

Mr. Vivian: "It's a great privilege to talk to a big person, every one likes to talk to the big people."

Blanche: "Guess that's why I am so popular."

* * *

Mr. Otto: "If you want to make that song successful you must sing louder."

May: "I'm singing as loud as I can, what more can I do?"

Mr. Otto: "Be more enthusiastic, open your mouth and throw yourself into it."

Harold: Mr. Vivian I can't get this example."

Mr. Vivian: Why that's easy. You ought to be ashamed of yourself if you can't do that example. George Washington was a surveyor at your age."

Harold: "Yes, and he was President of the United States at yours."

* * *

Mr. Otto: "Edith, why aren't you singing?"

Edith: "I can't sing sitting down."

Mr. Otto: "You don't sit on your vocal chords do you?"

* * *

How old is he anyway?

Mr. Vivian: "I don't think I could read Latin now. I have not studied it since I was eighteen years old and it's surprising how much one can forget in forty or fifty years."

* * *

Miss Chase (after reading a description): "There is nothing impossible about the description of this lady is there Richard?"

Richard: "Yes, she's good looking."

* * *

Judson: "The manufacturing in the North made more men."

Mr. Vivian: "They don't manufacture men, do they Judson?"

* * *

Myra: "He would make a pig sick."

Walter: "Why, do you feel sick?"

* * *

Miss Chase (in English): "Esther what is a labyrinth?"

Esther: "A flower."

* * *

Vernon (holding up a charcoal drawing of a nose which is ready to blow Fixative on): "Miss Lorimer may I blow my nose?"

THE LIBERTY BELL

Jim (to Bessie, who has her head buried in the dictionary and is wearing a distressed look): "What are you looking for?"

Bessie: "Sympathy, Jim."

* * *

Day Dreams.

Mr. Vivian: "Can't you write us a story Edith? Dream one."

Edith: "Possibly I can for I'm always dreaming."

* * *

English Teacher: "In writing a composition don't use a flight of fancy but write what is in you."

Raymond (writing): "I'm not to use any flight of fancy but I'm to write what there is in me. Well, in me is a stomach, some lungs, a heart, two oranges, a piece of cake, a pie and my breakfast."

* * *

Mary: "What is that cow doing in the yard?"

Susie: "I guess it was hungry and it saw some of those Freshies so it came in."

* * *

Everett (who is coming up the steps looking at Emma, falls down): "That's right Everett, fall down," says Miss Chase. "No wonder," answers Everett, "look who I was looking at."

* * *

Polly (in German): "If you loved anyone besides your relatives you would not address them with the polite form of address would you."

Mr. Otto: "I don't know, I never had the experience."

* * *

Mr. Vivian: "Fred, who was Antony's wife?"

Fred: "The woman he married."

Prof. (in history): "If Louis XVI had been a carpenter he would have lived all the days of his life."

* * *

Blanche: "Oh, Gee! Look, you would have to go without your dinner."

Miss Chase: "Ernest, what is Can't."

Ernest: "Well, it is a word that is used too much."

* * *

Susie (reading in English): "He was tatooed in the South Sea Islands."

* * *

Oh! My!

First Girl: Mr. Otto is so jolly, he just laughs all the time."

Second Girl: "Yes, I guess he has a hard time to keep sober in school."

* * *

Elvira (translating German): "Dresden China stood on the bureau."

Mr. Otto: "What did you say, dressed in China?"

* * *

Mr. Vivian: "Walter, whom will we pay the income tax to?"

Walter: "To the man who collects the taxes."

* * *

Neva: "What makes these rose bushes so tall?"

Aileen: "Climate."

Neva: "What makes this grass so fresh and green?"

Aileen: "Oh, just climate."

Neva: "Listen, I want to tell you something. When I was in San Francisco a building sprung up just like a mushroom and had neither steps nor doors."

Aileen: "How do you get to the top of it?"

Neva: "Oh, just climb it."

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I should worry and grow lace curtains on my chin C. L. C.

I should worry a lot and build a house on it.—M. J. L.

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I should worry, be a cat and have my back up.—V. P.

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What made the bed spring? Because it saw the umbrella stand.

I should worry, be far sighted and have specks on my nose. - E. L.

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The question was repeated until the sum was reduced to \$150, when one director arose. It developed that most of the others present began life without a dollar and it was disclosed that the President who had been asking the question began his business career without a pair of shoes, and all present attributed their success to the habit of saving each penny and dime in early life.

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What made the lemon drop? Because it saw the waterfall.

I'm the guy that put the add in bad.—V. C.

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I should worry, be a stranger and get a knockdown.—Next year Freshmen.

I'm the guy that put the an in annual.—Senior Class.

1870

1913

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NOTIONS

STATIONERY

What made the lettuce blush? Because it saw the salad dressing.

I should worry and laugh and grow fat.—Pat.

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I'm the guy that put the plum in Plumley.—E. W. & A. P. & N. S.

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I should worry and make somebody angry and get canned.—F. M.

I should worry, be a steeple and hold the bell fast.—M. C. P.

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I should worry, be a match and make the sun light.—M. E. P.

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I'm the guy that put the good in Goodwin.—A. E. W.

I should worry, be a butcher, have pickled pig feet and salted tongue.

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I should worry, be a school teacher and lose my class.—H. W. C.

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I'm the guy that put the Why in Weihe.—H. C.

I should worry, be an egg and get beat for dessert.—F. M.

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I'm the guy that put the music in the victrola.—W. A. V.

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I'm the guy that put the dough in donation.—Doctor Pill.

I'm the guy that put the toe in Otto—E. M.

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... BYRON, CAL.

I'm the guy that put the dye in diamond.—B. S.

JAMES TORRE'S



ICE HOUSE

*Is Always Full on the
Hottest Days*

I'm the guy that put the salt in the ocean.—Freshman.

I'm the guy that put the win in Winfrie.—B. J.

W. H. WEEKS

PHONE MAIN 341

E. P. RAPP

RAPP & WEEKS

Dry Goods and Gents Furnishings

ORDERS TAKEN FOR TAILOR MADE SUITS

Thompson's Glove Fitting Corsets

. Pictorial Review Patterns

Groceries, Aluminum Ware, Crockery, Fruits in Season, Etc.

ANTIOCH, CAL.

WATCH OUR WATCHES



and you'll find them keeping time to the second. They are like all our jewelry—reliable. And they are also like our rings, brooches and other ornaments in being as moderate in price as good quality will permit. When you want jewelry we are good people to remember.

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I'm the guy that made Liberty famous.—R. F.

ROSS' CANDIES and ICE CREAM

ARE THE BEST IN TOWN

ANTIOCH

CALIFORNIA

I'm the guy that made the starlight.—H. C.

BYRON ICE CREAM PARLOR

Keeps the Best ICE CREAM
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Embroideries, Magazines and Post Cards a Specialty
Fresh Bread, Cakes and Pies From Stockton Daily

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BRENTWOOD, CAL.

GEORGE SELLERS

Vineyardist and
... Orchardist ...



Real Estate and
... Insurance ...

TELEPHONE KNIGHTSEN

OAKLEY

CALIF.

I'm the guy that put the cake in Cakebread.—E. W.

Fountain Service

One of our great conveniences for those who like rapid service is our modern Sanitary Clinker Brick Fountain, the only one of its kind in California.

All Candies and Ice Cream are made in our own factory, under the best help possible with absolute sanitary conditions. Our pleasure will be a visit of the factory at any time.

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Palace of Sweets

I'm the guy that put the bark in Barkley.—R. W.

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Palace Drug Co.

"The Cul Rate Druggists"

THREE STORES { REGAL PHARMACY, PITTSBURG, CAL.
 MARTINEZ DRUG CO., MARTINEZ, CAL.
 PALACE DRUG CO., ANTIOCH, CAL.

Kodaks, Stationery, Music and Supplies

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We deliver all goods by Parcel Post, possible at same prices as if purchased in our store, providing P. O. Order, Check or Stamps accompany the order.

ANTIOCH . . .

CALIFORNIA



I'm the guy that put the ace in Chase.—D. H. R.

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AGENTS WINNER SILOS

Lumber, Lime, Cement, Builders' Hardware

THE VERY BEST GRADE

RAIL AND WATER SHIPMENTS SOLICITED

F. E. SLUTMAN, Manager

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I'm the guy that put the crock in Crockett.—Tilly.

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S. Dalporto, Proprietor

Nice Rooms Excellent Meals Served Reasonable Rates

Special Attention to Traveling Men

Bar in Connection

Pool and Billiards

OAKLEY - - - CALIFORNIA

I'm the guy that put the race in eraser.—R. P.

BANK with the

First National of Antioch



—FOR—

SAFETY AND SERVICE

I'm the guy that put the heel in Healy.—B. S.

WHEN IN ANTIOCH REMEMBER

Antioch Hardware & Furniture

COMPANY

COMPLETE LINES OF

Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Furniture, Carpets

Rugs, Linoleums

Mattings, Paints and Oils, Crockery, Etc.

GET OUR PRICES ON PLUMBING

I should worry, be a window and get a pain.—E. S.

Hotel Brentwood

BRENTWOOD

CALIFORNIA

BEST MEALS IN CONTRA COSTA COUNTY

THAT'S OUR WINNING CARD

When in Knightsen don't forget to go to

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...FOR YOUR CANDY AND TOBACCO...

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I'm the guy that made the moon shine.—M. W. P.

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General Blacksmithing and Repairing

All Orders Promptly Attended To

Satisfaction Guaranteed

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L. W. MOORE, D. D. S.
DENTAL OFFICE

Over First National Bank

Corner Wyatt and Boobar Sts.

ANTIOCH, CALIFORNIA

I should worry, be a door and get a slam.—H. B.

H. VAN KAATHOVEN

H. VAN TIENEN JANSSE

OUR MOTTO: "Special Attention To Each Customer"

Oakley Mercantile Company

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS AND HARDWARE
WOOD AND COAL - - - HAY AND GRAIN
TEAS, COFFEES AND SPICES A SPECIALTY



Agents for Sampson's Windmills and Lee's Poultry Foods

OAKLEY, CAL.

I'm the guy that put the Oak in Oakley.—M. P. & S. D. & V. P.

W. Z. CONWAY

Plumbing and Tinning

PAINTS, OILS AND GLASS

GALVANIZED IRON TANKS A SPECIALTY

„MONITOR WINDMILLS AND ENGINES..

Orders Taken for Stoves and All Kinds of Hardware, Windmills and Pumps

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CALIFORNIA

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Latest Toes and Styles in Ladies Button Shoes

Pumps with Straps and without in Patent, Velvet
Suede and Gun Metal

Men's Shoes in Latest Styles

Misses and Children Shoes in All Styles

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

I'm the guy that put the knee in needle.—A. E. W.

SCHIRMER & ELSWORTH

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Implements, Wagons, Buggies
Gas Engines and Pumping Outfits

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING AND REPAIRING

KNIGHTSEN

CALIFORNIA

BENNETT, THE JEWELER
EXPERT WATCHMAKER GRADUATE OPTICIAN
LARGEST STOCK OF JEWELRY IN CONTRA COSTA CO.

EXPERT WATCHMAKER

GRADUATE OPTICIAN

LARGEST STOCK OF JEWELRY IN CONTRA COSTA CO.

ANTIOCH . . .

CALIFORNIA

I should worry, be a chuckhole and get a grand bounce.—S. D.

**D. E. HAWLEY, D. D. S.
... DENTIST ...**

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GOLDEN STATE MARKET

DEALER IN

***Fresh and Cured Meats, Fish, Vegetables
Ice and Fuel***

FRANK J. SILVA, PROPRIETOR

OAKLEY, CALIFORNIA

I should worry, be a farmer and raise eyebrows.—B. F.

..ROBERT WALLACE..

BRENTWOOD, CAL.

Agent for Kenilworth and the Wellington

COAL

Home, London, Globe, Phoenix, Connecticut, London and New Zealand Insurance Companies
Fresno and California Nurseries

I'm the guy that put the ham in Fotheringham.—A. J. P.

J. W. DEWITT, M. D.

ANTIOCH, CAL.

..REAL ESTATE..

F. R. GREEN SAYS:

"I have something to say to you people of every sort, good, great, wise and otherwise: Don't sell your land. But if you hesitate and are lost just walk into my parlor and I'll find you."

I should worry, be a chicken and get stewed.—J. S.

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Rancho Los Meganos will be put under
irrigation during the coming year
and will be sold in small holdings.

Agent, A. Burness

Brentwood, Cal.

WAREHOUSE & GRAIN

I should worry, be a grandmother and knit my brows.—E. C.

For Women who dress well
come to us for their

Nemo & Warner Bros Corsets
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come to us for their

Collegian Clothes, Dutchess Trousers
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ANTIOCH

CALIFORNIA

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IT'S GREAT! SO EASY! SO QUICK!

We carry good goods to wear and good goods to eat which makes this a good place to trade.

We pay strictest attention to all mail orders and cordially invite a portion of your business assuring you in return

Prompt Service! Quality Goods! Courteous Treatment!



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SQUARE DEALERS IN

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